1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

never be a man but never mind. I'll just be a woman all my life until I die. I am afraid of being hanged, that's all. I am not going."

Finally, all the men of the subtribe and some from neighboring tribes met one night at the house tamberan near Var's house. Those who had already taken a head were dressed with homicidal insignia. Their faces were blackened with soot, bands of opossum fur were fastened around their foreheads, and bird of paradise plumes attached to combs bobbed from the backs of their heads. When all had arrived, a ceremonial soup was served, the special ingredients of which were supposed to make men bold and powerful fighters. It is so strong, the Kwoma believe, that a woman or child would die if they eat it. After eating, they broke up in small groups to plan the itinerary. It was decided to send a scout ahead to discover the lay of the land. After the scout had left, the men had nothing to do but wait until he returned the next day. Some went home, but many stayed and began to play ball. The game soon turned into a spontaneous rehearsal of the raid, as the men lined up in sides and threw the ball to each other, shouting and stamping their feet at the same time.

The next day the scout returned to say that the road to Sowal was impassable. The water was so high that it was impossible to walk there, but it was not high enough to go with a canoe. The raid was therefore called off. I think that if it had not been for many who, like Mar, feared punishment from the whites,[32] a way would have been found and the raid carried out.

[32] Not a few of the men opposed going on the raid because they feared that I would report them.

123 Toward evening about a dozen of the natives had gathered around our
• 526 house and we went out to talk to them. Soon we were idly tossing stones.
They threw by stiffly rocking their whole bodies back and holding their
wrists stiff. They did bend their elbows, however. None of them could
throw as far as either Tip or I, but their accuracy at short distances was
amazing. Approximately every other shot would hit a small sapling about
twenty yards away.

114 While Tip and I were playing cribbage just before supper, it began to
132 rain-- a downpour with quite a strong wind. The house began to leak in
various unsuspected places, particularly right over my head, where it came
through with a gush and startled me. The storm lasted about half an hour when
the wind shifted and the rain stopped. The wind is very peculiar here. It
will blow up very strongly for about a minute and then will drop to almost
an absolute calm for another minute.

796 Yesterday was supposed to be the second day of the singsing, but in the
764 morning Mar came to tell us that it had been postponed because someone had
died the night before. He was a young man who had been sick for quite a while.
We did not think it wise to be too inquisitive, but found out that he had not been
buried, but "hung up". The singsing began again today however.

796 During breakfast we heard the gongs and chanting start, so we ate
[114] quickly and started down the hill. By this time the drumming and singing had
stopped.

796 When we reached the house tamberan, several of the natives greeted us
346 and shook our hands. Everyone talked with a hushed voice, explaining to us that
778 the singsing had not yet begun. We were led up to the altar which had been
[123] rearranged since the previous day of the singsing. It was in the shape of an
inverted truncated cone about four feet high constructed from net bags stretched